

The Moon During the Month.

THE November moon, which begins its career November 3, will have its phases distributed with unusual symmetry with reference to the beginning and end of the month. New moon on the 3d, first quarter on the 11th, full moon on the 18th, last quarter on the 25th, leave no room for any phase of a rival moon.



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811, in which General Harrison repulsed the Indians after being treacherously attacked by them, led by the Prophet. The victory practically won for Harrison the Presidency, the Whig rallying cry in the campaign of 1840 being, "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too!"

When a Girl Marries

Virginia Proves Herself to Be a Cold, Calculating, Selfish Sort of Individual.

By Ann Lisle.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

A BREAKFAST the next morning I called on Virginia. She had liked the flowers.

"What flowers?" asked Jim. "Why, you sweet little, I believe you sent her some. They must have come after I left, but 'unseen,' I'll hug you for doing just that."

"It's really Neal you should hug—the idea was his, and so was the money that paid for the posies—he wouldn't let me do anything but select them and write the card," I replied.

"What a dear little shylock it is—so exact in its accounting!" cried Jim, in high good humor. "Well, I'll have to hang on the bathroom door before I leave and tell the swimmer within what a decent young fellow I think him. I'm getting downright fond of our Neal."

I twisted this into an omen that Jim's beautiful sister would soon be downright fond of me, and hurried myself at the phone as soon after Jim's departure as I decently could. Eight-thirty seemed the ideal hour to call the Rochambeau—early enough to be friendly and to catch the girls in, early enough also to give Neal a chance to speak to Phoebe, and still not early enough to have an alarm-clock quality.

But I was wrong. Phoebe's white-pers told me how wrong and told me also that "Neal" was sleeping after a bad night. She thanked me for the posies with none of the animation I should have expected from her, and young Neal had to go off without a word to Phoebe.

"That's all right," he insisted consolingly. "What's the use of speaking to the 'visiting lady' if you can't invite her out? And I'm down to lunch money, as you know. Nixie! You don't lend me a cent, Anne. This is where friend Neal shows his saving face and be—"

Then my second "boy" trotted off in high good spirits that sent me whirling through the day's occupations with such vim and vigor that the little home and I were in order by 10; and by quarter past the elevator at the Rochambeau deposited me on the seventh floor.

When I had called Phoebe, almost two hours before, I heard the telephone operator at the Rochambeau say "T-18." So I made a mental note of that, and with a pleasant, sisterly feeling of sociability I went up without being announced.

But it seemed to me as had a blunder as phoning at 8:30 had been.

Another blunder.

Virginia was in a graceful pique of amber silk and soft face, and though she looked lovely enough for all the world to behold, she actually seemed to feel that there was something too terribly informal about appearing before me at breakfast and in breakfast negligee.

From the moment of my first faux pas everything that could manage to go wrong proceeded to do so. Next in order of the "horrors" that took the sunshine out of the day was a sudden glimpse I caught of a vase full of wilted flowers. Before I could turn my startled eyes away from that dejected-looking mass on the tea table Virginia began thanking me for my card.

"Those dreadful things!" I cried. "They're not what we selected at all. I'm going right over and give

that florist a piece of my mind."

"Oh—I wouldn't do that," replied Virginia, coldly.

Then Phoebe broke in with a little explanation that did everything except set me at ease, as she intended.

"You see, it was after midnight when they got here—so perhaps they went to the wrong place by mistake and got spoiled there."

"After midnight?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, Virginia, I suppose that accounts for your bad night—you were awakened from your first sleep. Can you ever forgive me?"

"I'm so sorry!"

Virginia gave Phoebe an annoyed look.

"Dear me, why report the state of my slumbers?" she smiled coldly.

"Suppose we don't discuss it any more, Anne—and please don't go over and make a scene at the florist. I shan't be home all day—no it doesn't matter at all about the flowers, you see."

How I ever got up the courage after that, I don't know—but I managed to offer to go along shopping, if that were agreeable to Virginia, and I invited both Jim's sisters to lunch with me.

Virginia accepted coldly, but Phoebe ran over and gave me a quick hug as her sister disappeared into the bedroom of the smart suite, for which my poor Jim had offered to pay.

I explained to Neal that I loved his flowers—and was just dying to speak to him!" she whispered.

"Well—hurry, Phoebe. You didn't convey that," I said a bit wryly, passing on, as sensitive folks have a bad way of doing, the hurt I had suffered from someone else.

A Self-Contented Woman.

Rebuffed and fuming, Phoebe hurried into the bedroom after Virginia. I fear she won't make any advances to me soon again. I had

an unhappy fifteen minutes of waiting. Then the sisters came out to Virginia, coldly.

Phoebe looking like a pretty frightened little bird in her brown suit, Virginia regal and seeming unaware of her arresting beauty, in a perfectly plain black dress colored in molokini.

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Stories of Interest

A Strike That Failed.

Labor strikes were frequent even in the earliest recorded days. An important strike occurred in Egypt during the reign of Cheops, several thousand years before the Christian era. While the great pyramids erected in honor of that monarch were in course of construction it is stated that 50,000 workmen refused to continue their labor. They were dissatisfied with the food furnished to them, which was insufficient in quantity and poor in quality. Argument proving useless on the part of the contractors, soldiers were ordered to drive the strikers back to work, and many thousands of them were cut to pieces, while those who could escape fled. The others were compelled to resume their labor.

Remedied.

Her headgear consisted of a bowl-like foundation from which protruded huge plumes. She was deeply interested in the musical comedy, when she felt some one tugging at her hat.

"Does my hat annoy you?" she asked, loftily.

"No, miss," replied Private Murphy, behind her.

A few minutes later, fearing she

had been ungracious, she again turned.

"Perhaps my plumes interfere with your view?" she suggested, more amiably.

"Oh, no thank you—not now," replied the soldier, primly. "I've bent them back!"

Primitive Station.

There is in England a railway station which has only one train each way a week—at Blackwell Mill, situated midway between Miller's Dale and Buxton. Blackwell Mill consists of eight workmen's cottages on the banks of the Wye. They are occupied by railway workmen, and it is for the convenience of the wives who wish to journey to Buxton for marketing that on Friday mornings the 9.10 train from Miller's Dale stops at Blackwell Mill. The two uncovered platforms of the "station" are of the length of a railway coach, and composed of rough stone and gravel. The "waiting-room" is a platformer's hut, where the travelers are glad to shelter from the keen wind on winter mornings. The train carries the station master, who distributes the privilege tickets.

Dresses for Winter Wear

Republished by Special Permission Good House-keeping, the Nation's Great Home Magazine



OF navy blue Georgette crepe made in chemise style is this attractive frock with henna red or taupe embroidery, whichever you prefer, showing through from the charmeuse lining.

EVERY one needs a simple charmeuse dress for wear during the winter, and here is one of navy blue or black charmeuse with the new collarless neck embroidered in self-color.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Ashamed of Her Fiance.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am very much in love with a young man, but am ashamed to go anywhere with him, as he is very ignorant of etiquette. Every time we go on the street he walks on the inside. He does many similar things. He seldom treats me and when he does he buys cheap candy. Yet he has good habits and does not smoke, chew or drink.

I hate to give him up, but all the girls make fun of him for going about with him.

CONSTANT READER.

If you are truly in love, the small things you mention ought not to trouble you. Don't you think it's extremely frivolous to think of "giving up" a young man because he isn't familiar with all social observances and does not buy expensive candy? Try looking at his side of the question.

Loves a Married Man.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-one and in love with a married man of twenty-eight. He is living with his wife and has one child of two years. Now he claims he loves me and wants me to go away with him, as he says he cannot live without me. We have known each other for two years. There is no love between him and his wife. He threatens to take his own life if I refuse and I could never marry another man if I do not go with him.

What shall I do?

TRAITOR-TOKEN.

Don't you see that this man has acted very dishonorably not only toward his wife, but toward you in allowing you to come to care for him? Don't be influenced by his threats or make him any promises. This sounds relentless in you, I suppose, but you have absolutely no other course than to give him up.

Puss in Boots, Jr.

By David Cory.

YOU remember in the story that a big thunderstorm was coming up, and that the Weathercock had come down from his perch on top of the flagpole and climbed through the porthole. There stood the stately castle of my Lord of Carabaz, where Puss Junior's father was seneschal.

"Step carefully," said the Weathercock, and as if in a dream Puss Junior jumped on to the window sill of his own room.

"Good by," whispered the Weathercock. "Good by," cooed the little dove, and then they both fluttered back to the Ark. And from below he heard faintly the voice of Captain Noah. "Ship ahoy! We've had a narrow escape! We almost bumped into a castle! And so Puss was once more safely back with his dear father, and in the next story you shall hear what other adventures little Puss had.

(Copyright 1913, David Cory.)

There's your little bed, with the cozy white pillow

"Where am I?" cried Puss, opening his eyes. "Follow me," said the Weathercock. So Puss pulled on his red top boots and climbed through the porthole. There stood the stately castle of my Lord of Carabaz, where Puss Junior's father was seneschal.

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A Promising Opening.

The traveling showman was waxing eloquent as he described the characteristics of his Wild Horse from Tartary.

"Ladies and gents," he said, "this animal is a real terror. If there's any gent in this company as fancies himself as a rider, I'll give him five pounds for every minute he sticks on this horse. I've rid horses all my life, but this horse is beyond me. I've tried 'im every way, but 'e shakes me off in ten seconds."

"Why not get inside him?" queried a humorist.

The showman waited until the laughter had died down.

"My lad," he said, wistfully, "I've thought of that. But nature has been unkind to 'im in the matter of mouth; it ain't big enough. Now, if it 'ad been yours—"

But the humorist did not wait to hear the logical conclusion of the hypothesis.

COMPLIMENT TO CONSCIENCE.

"Here comes that Miss Gabbins. I think I'll have Nora say 'I'm out.'"

"Won't the still, small voice reproach you?"

"Yes, but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to hers!" Boston Transcript.

The "Zepp's" Passenger

AN EXCITING AND ROMANTIC NEW SPY SERIAL

Philippa Is Angry With Sir Henry

When He Recounts Adventures He Had on His Latest Fishing Trip.

"Presently, I had a sort of foolish idea that I'd like to have a word or two with you first. I've been away for nearly a fortnight."

"You have," Philippa assented.

"Perhaps that is the reason why I feel that I haven't very much to say to you."

"That sounds just a trifle hard," he said slowly.

"I am hard sometimes," Philippa confessed. "You know that quite well. There are times when I just feel as though I had no heart at all, nor any sympathy; when every sensation I might have had seems shriveled up inside me."

"Is that how you are feeling at the present time towards me, Philippa?" he asked.

Her needles flashed through the wool for a moment in silence.

"You had every warning," she told him. "I tried to make you understand exactly how your behavior disgusted me before you went away."

"Yes, I remember," he admitted. "I'm afraid, dear, you think I am a worthless sort of a fellow."

Philippa had apparently dropped a stitch. She bent lower still over her knitting. There was a distinct frown upon her forehead, her mouth was unrecognizable.

"Your friend Lessingham is here still, I understand?" her husband remarked presently.

"Yes," Philippa assented. "He is dining tonight. You will probably see him in a few minutes."

Sir Henry looked thoughtful, and studied for a moment the top of a remarkably unprepossessing looking shoe.